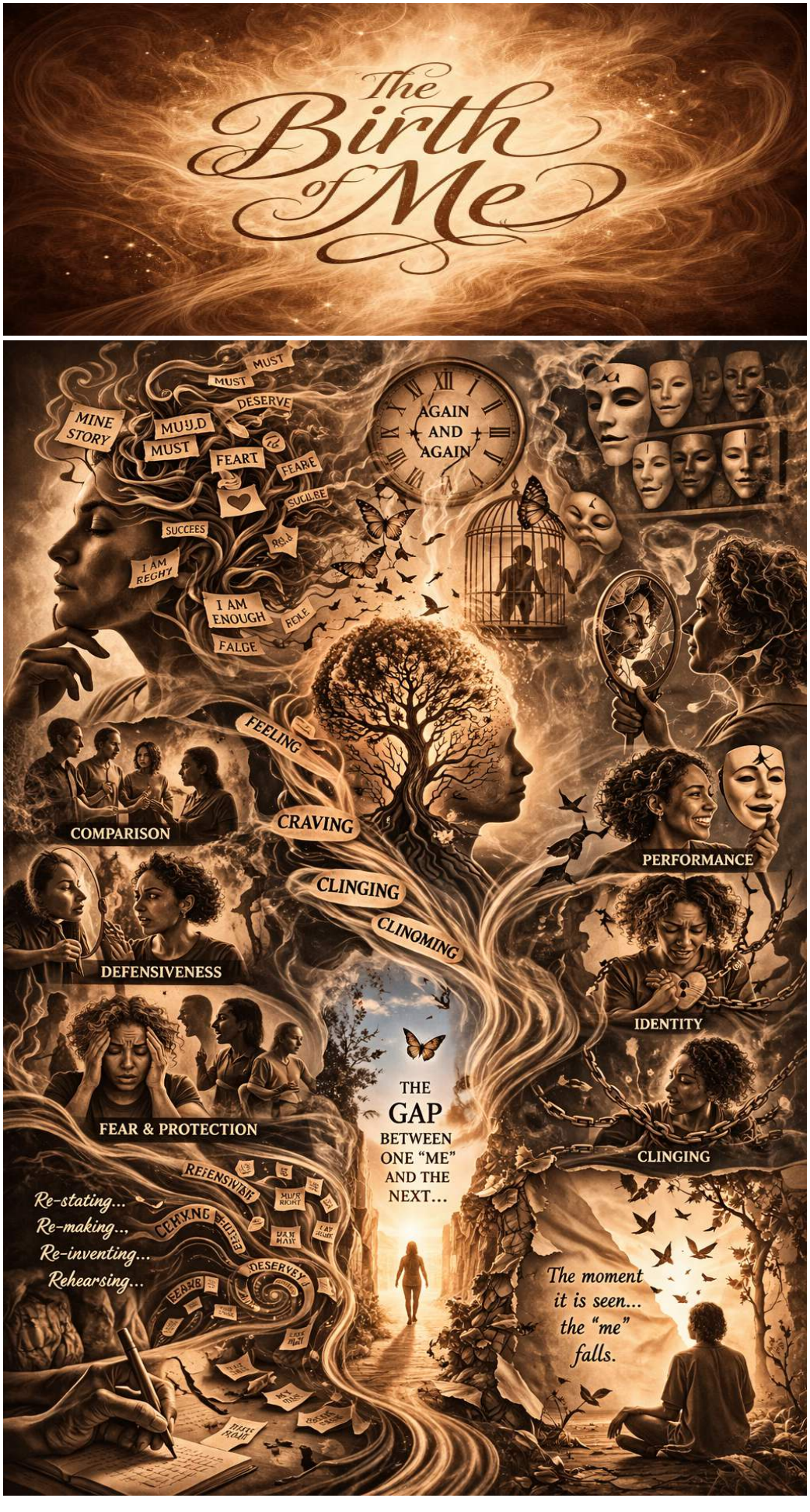
The Birth of Me
MUST
MUST
DESERVE
MINE STORY
MUST
FEART
I AM ENOUGH
FALSE
AGAIN AND AGAIN
FEELING
CRAVING
CLINGING
CLINOMING
COMPARISON
DEFENSIVENESS
FEAR & PROTECTION
PERFORMANCE
IDENTITY
CLINGING
THE GAP BETWEEN ONE "ME" AND THE NEXT...
Re-stating...
Re-making...
Re-inventing...
Rehearsing...
The moment it is seen... the "me" falls.

The Birth of Me

In the morning,
before the coffee remembers to be warm,
before the day puts on its shoes,
something small rises up in you
and calls itself *me.*

It doesn't come with drums.
It doesn't come with a warning.
It comes the way habits come,
quiet as dust on a windowsill,
sure as a clock that never asked your permission.

A sound in the next room.
A look that lingers too long.
A memory with sharp elbows.
And suddenly your chest tightens
like a fist making a promise.

Not pain enough to name,
not fear enough to confess,
just a little shift inside,
a little leaning,
a little "I want" hiding in plain clothes.

First there is feeling,
pleasant, unpleasant, or flat as a stone,
and then—oh then—
your mind starts bargaining with the moment.

More of this.
Less of that.
Different, different, different.

And right there,
right in that lean,
right in that reach,
the world stops being the world
and becomes a world **for you.**

For your pride.
For your safety.
For your story.
For your hunger to be somebody
who stands on solid ground.

Your mind gets busy,
like an old clerk with a fast pen,
stamping everything with names:

Mine.
Not mine.
Safe.
Threat.
Praise.
Insult.
Win.
Lose.

And the strangest thing is this:
you don't even notice it happening
because it's been happening
so long
it feels like truth.

You say, "That's just how I am."
You say, "That's common sense."
You say, "That's life."

But what you're really saying is,
"I have learned this pattern so well
I have mistaken it for reality."

And that little "me"
keeps coming back,
not once,
but again and again,
like a song you didn't choose
but you know every word.

It comes back
when you feel unseen.
It comes back
when you feel questioned.
It comes back
when you feel ordinary
and you cannot bear it.

It comes back
to protect you,
so it claims.
It comes back
to steady you,
so it promises.

But it steadies you the way a tight
shoe steadies the foot,
by squeezing until you forget you're
hurt.

Because the truth is,
that "me" is always working.
Always checking its reflection.
Always rehearsing its lines.
Always polishing its name.

And that work,
that constant remaking,
that endless reminding—
it is a kind of clinging
so familiar
people call it "self-respect."

But sit still long enough,
and listen,
and you will notice something tender
and frightening:

Between one "me"
and the next "me,"
there is a breath
that belongs to nobody.

A moment
unclaimed.

Unperformed.
Undecorated.

Just life
as it is,
before the mind reaches out
and says,
“Mine.”

And if you see that moment—
really see it—
something opens in you
like a door you forgot was there.

Because the shock is this:

You are not being reborn into a self.
You are being reborn into a habit.

And the moment you recognize the habit
as a habit,
not a person,
not a destiny,
not a truth—

the little “me” that keeps returning
loses its throne,

and you stand,
for the first time,
in the clean, wild light
of what’s left

when there is nothing to defend.

-Dipobhasadhamma-